# Someone Special

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# Someone Special

by nbcravenstag

Summary

“We will see each other again.” Hannibal tells her, voice steady with determination.

There’s a brief pause, and then: “We won’t see each other again for a long time, Han.”

“Soon.” He turns his head up so that she can see his eyes. So Mischa can see that this time, his promise will mean something, no matter the cost. “Once I get the last one, I’ll… I can go.”

Mischa’s eyes widen with horror. “No. You can’t.”

“Why not?”

“Because someone is waiting for you.”

Hannibal freezes. He narrows his eyes. “Who?”

“Don’t know,” Mischa replies with a little shrug. “Someone special.”

Notes

Hello all!
I'm back again with some more emotional murder husbands because I just love them so much. I hope this little ghost story makes you all warm inside and I can't wait to hear what you think!
Canary <3

There's still blood dripping from his neck. It isn't a deep wound but it definitely stings and Hannibal still feels the imprint of the man's blade on his throat. Fortunately for Hannibal, the pig had a weak elbow that snapped like an icicle on a sunny day and the gash is nothing serious.

It does hurt though.

Actually, everything hurts. Now that Hannibal is trudging his way back to his stolen car, all of his injuries are catching up to him. His ribs are sore from being kicked. His middle and ring fingers on his right hand are swelling and probably broken. The pig put his knife in Hannibal's left calf and he had to form a tourniquet using his belt to prevent more blood trails.

Only a little further.

A tree root hidden by the snow goes unnoticed until Hannibal's foot clips the bottom, sending him to his knees with a pained grunt. His hands disappear in the frigid white blanket, sending shivers down his shoulders as the water soaks his pants. He bites out a curse in Lithuanian. Cold and wet are *not* ideal in these temperatures.

Hannibal tries to take a deep breath in order to calm himself. Losing his temper here will do no good.

A soft breeze hits his ruddy cheeks and he curls inward to keep the cold air away from his neck as he tries to stand.

Until he breathes in.

It shocks him to his core; he has to take another deep breath to make sure he isn't hallucinating. He isn't. It's a very specific scent, one he knows very well, almost as well as he knows his own name. Vanilla and German Irises from the garden. Their garden.

His heart begins to pound as Hannibal raises his head and scans the forest in front of him. His eyes settle on a small figure hidden partially by the tree—he sees her golden hair, her baby blue dress with white trim and matching buttons, and her Earth–coated feet. She always hated shoes.

Agony has Hannibal's heart in a vice grip. He sees her often in his dreams, but never like this. She looks as beautiful as he remembers, innocent and pure and loving, and he almost wants to turn away from her so she can't see what he's become. What her loss turned him into.

If only he could look away from her.

Noticing that she's been spotted, Mischa steps away from the tree and takes a few steps forward. She doesn't look angry or, God forbid, frightened of him, she just looks sad. Somehow, that's worse. "Han…" Her little whisper floats across the clearing into his ears, nearly bringing him to tears.

*"Mischa."* Hannibal gasps.

She reacts to her name with that crooked smile that shows off her missing baby teeth. More cracks spiderweb throughout Hannibal's heart. He's missed her so much.

Out of grief or shame, he hangs his head, settling his gaze on his shirt that's still soaked in that pig's useless blood. God, how must he look to her? Her last memories are filled with violence and fear, and now he is cruelty personified. A new, sickening feeling settles like cement in his gut. *Guilt.*

"I'm sorry," He tries. She *must* know. "I… I *tried,* Mischa."

Mischa's sad smile wavers. "I know. It wasn't your fault."

Hannibal shakes his head. She couldn't be more wrong. "I was supposed to protect you, I was… I didn't. I… I *failed.* And n–now you're… They—" *Do you even know what they did to you? Do you remember the cuts they made? Did you suffer through it or were they merciful and made it quick? Did they tell you what they were going to do to you? Did you see me take that first bite, half-mad with starvation and so grateful that I didn't realize it until it was much too late?* A horrible sound forces its way out of Hannibal's throat. *"I'm sorry.* Mischa, I'm so—"

"I forgive you." Comes her soft voice, closer than before. Hannibal feels the soft press of her lips against the top of his head. "Silly."

*I don't. I will never forgive myself. Not until we're together, where I can always keep you safe.*

"We will see each other again." He tells her, voice steady with determination.

There's a brief pause, and then: "We won't see each other again for a long time, Han."

"Soon." He turns his head up so that she can see his eyes. So she can see that this time, his promise will mean something, no matter the cost. "Once I get the last one, I'll… I can go."

Mischa's eyes widen with horror. "No. You can't."

He wants to grit his teeth, tell her there's no point in Hannibal staying on Earth if she isn't there, but something in her face gives him pause. "Why not?"

"Because someone is waiting for you."

Hannibal freezes. He narrows his eyes. "Who?"

"Don't know," Mischa replies with a little shrug. "Someone *special."*

*You were special. You were always special.*

"I don't know what that means."

“It means you have to stay alive no matter what.” She commands, her little voice full of authority. ‘Cause he’s—”

“He?”

“—he’s lonely Hannibal, just like you, and he needs you.”

It’s alarming, jarring, interesting for sure, but it doesn’t mean anything to him. Why should Hannibal care for someone he hasn’t even met yet? He shakes his head. “I don’t care.”

“You *will,* though.” Mischa vows. “You’re gonna wait a long time. A really, really long time, but you just have to keep waiting. You’re gonna need him too.” She crouches down, her knees hitting the snow, and he almost scolds her for getting wet and cold before she reaches out with one of her icy cold, translucent hands and it’s with nauseating clarity that Hannibal remembers that’s no longer an issue for his sister. She’ll never be cold again. Or warm. Never, ever warm. Mischa’s small fingers brush against his cheek and she keeps their eyes locked. “Promise me.” She says.

“Mischa—”

“You *have* to promise, Han. Please?”

How could he? How could he ever promise her such a thing? That he’ll wait for this nameless *he* that is supposed to mean something to a future version of Hannibal that doesn’t exist yet. All of this love he has for her with nowhere to go… he’s just expected to wait? To give to someone else when it’s rightfully Mischa’s? Impossible.

And yet…

And yet when Mischa looks at him like this, with tears in her beautiful eyes and that fierce expression, he cannot tell her no. If this is the last thing he can give her…

“I promise.” He says. And he means it. If this is what Mischa is asking of him… Hannibal can do anything.

A happy, pleased smile spread across her face. “I love you.”

Hearing it breaks his heart, but at least this time, they can have a proper goodbye. “I love you, too.”

Then, brave little Mischa gives him another kiss on his cheek, ridding his skin of the tears that have escaped, and rises to her feet. Hannibal watches her the entire time, silently begging her to stay, knowing she won’t.

“Don’t be scared.” Mischa whispers.

And then she’s gone, fading from sight as if she was never there at all.

*January 1994*

Hannibal wakes with a start. He sits straight up in bed as reality shifts back to normal. Snow-covered trees in the Russian countryside become his University apartment walls and the cases full of textbooks, and the Earth becomes the ugly beige carpet that scratches his feet when he walks barefoot. He's not in the woods at all. Not anymore.

Hannibal checks himself over for injuries and predictably finds none, but his hands still shake. It isn't the bloodshed he fears, it's *her*.

Mischa. She came to him in a dream. It isn't the first time, but mostly when he dreams of her, they're memories or *'what if's* that plague his memory palace. If he hadn't lost her, if they had gotten away…

This dream was different. Mischa's pellucid figure in her favorite blue dress is forever burned to the inside of his eyelids. She was a ghost, acknowledging her death with a resigned nod. And she forgave him.

*"Because someone is waiting for you,"* she said. *"Someone special."*

Hannibal lets out a shaky scoff. He's been on his own for so long now, much longer than his original plan to find a way out once the last rogue member of his sister's murderers had been slaughtered. The last one still lives, stuck forever in a cell with the kind and morally upstanding Chiyoh until she decides their mutual prison is no longer worth it. He told himself once Chiyoh broke, it would be his time.

By now, Hannibal has strived for more, climbed the ladder in the professional world, and made a name for himself that will only continue to grow. He chooses to live out of pleasure and the knowledge that he is greater than the rest because of his capabilities. Occasionally, when time permits, he still brings home his kills and makes them into beautiful, flavorful meals that satisfy the ache in his stomach but never the hole in his chest.

The hole where Mischa was. Is. *Should be.*

*"Someone is waiting for you."*

She's wrong.

*"He's lonely, Hannibal, just like you, and he needs you."*

*"You're gonna need him too."*

Loneliness comes with his lifestyle. His mask has friends and opportunities for companionship, but what lies beneath will always be alone. Human beings by nature do not have the capacity for acceptance he may wish they do. It doesn't matter if this alleged man is waiting for him, because even if this premonition of Mischa is real and there is someone, Hannibal's nature will destroy that possibility.

If it was in fact a premonition. Dreams are often just that; dreams. Hannibal *is* alone, bored with day–to–day. Most likely, his subconscious is trying to keep him from the monotony of

humanity he clings to out of necessity and invented a challenge for him.

Yes, that must be it.

Still, Hannibal promised. Even in a dream, he would do anything Mischa asked. If all he can do is live for her, he can do it. No matter what.

He shakes the dream off and settles back to sleep. He has work in the morning.

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*November 2019*

The soft padding of his husband's footsteps coming down the hall toward their shared bedroom is always guaranteed to bring a smile to Hannibal's face. He glances up when Will walks in, effortlessly charmed by the grumpy expression furrowing his eyebrows.

"I have to fix that damn window again." Will grumbles as he approaches the bed and collapses half on top of Hannibal to bury his face in his stomach. "I swear I don't know why it keeps coming unlatched."

Ah, yes. Their beautiful home in northern Switzerland was a wedding gift from Will. It is elegant to Hannibal's taste and secluded enough for Will's, but it does, on occasion, have issues that Will goes out of his way to fix to keep them comfortable. The hallway window on the second floor has been mysteriously coming unhooked and occasionally opens an inch or two on its own. Strange and inconvenient, but altogether not the worst problem they've had in their last year.

Their injuries were probably the worst, once they crawled out of the ocean side by side and ran so, so far away. They spent most of their time in Cuba, the sun doing wonders for their healing bodies, but more than that, they fixed *them.*

It's more than Hannibal could have ever hoped for. Actually having Will in his arms, in his bed, not just as his lover or partner but his *husband?* Nothing could compare. The first time Will kissed him, Hannibal believed he was dreaming. Sometimes he still has those moments where he fears one day he'll wake up alone, but Will doesn't let him suffer. Not anymore. He'll crawl into Hannibal's lap, hook his arms around his neck and kiss him until he isn't afraid anymore.

Hannibal lovingly runs his fingers through Will's curls, savoring the appreciative little hum that falls from his husband's lips. "This is an old house. The older something is, the more personality it has."

"Oh, is *that* what your problem is? I thought it was the cannibalism."

"You wound me, beloved." He replies with a chuckle. His mongoose never lets him forget his teeth.

"Quite right too." Will leans up and captures his lips in an affectionate, noisy kiss before shifting to his side of the bed and flopping down on his back so that Hannibal can face him.

“Maybe we have a ghost. That would be interesting; a monster you couldn’t kill for me.”

Briefly, Hannibal is almost offended that Will would suggest he wouldn’t perform an exorcism on the house if there was *actually* a spirit terrorizing them. “Do you believe in ghosts?” He asks, realizing he genuinely doesn’t know this about Will.

“Yeah, I married one.” He replies, rising up to nuzzle Hannibal’s face with his nose. “Haunted me for years.”

He can’t help but roll his eyes. “Aren’t you just hilarious this evening, you rude little thing?”

Will laughs and brings him down for another kiss that Hannibal happily melts into. He runs his hands down his husband’s lovely body, memorizing the curves of Will’s hips and the taste of his tongue. Their intimacy comes so effortlessly that it always leaves Hannibal a little lightheaded. His Will. His beloved. His *husband.*

Hannibal doesn’t think that word will ever lose its luster.

“I do believe in ghosts—if you were really curious,” Will says when they finally break for breath and settle down side by side.

“I am.” He answers truthfully. “You’ve told me so much about your younger years. New Orleans is surrounded by spirits and superstitions, so it does not surprise me that you do.”

Will nods. “All that spilled blood leaves something behind.” He’s contemplative and quiet for a moment before he glances up and asks: “Wanna hear a story?”

Hannibal smiles. “I would like that very much.”

“I was sixteen when we moved to Greenville.” Will begins. “My Dad was renting this old house next to the boatyard. It wasn’t the most livable, there was uh… mold growing up the side of the wall in the living room. My room was always really cold.”

He can picture it without needing to close his eyes. Hannibal doesn’t like to think of his husband having to endure places like that, even as a child. The idea of his Will living in near squalor always touches him in a raw, terrible way. For Will’s benefit, and because he wants to listen, Hannibal controls his features.

Will continues on, unaware. “There was a ghost in that house. She wasn’t there when we moved in, or… she just didn’t want to show herself so soon. I don’t know.”

“You saw her?”

“Few times, yeah. At the end of the hallway or a window if I was outside.

“She didn’t belong there. I don’t know where she came from but it wasn’t North Carolina. I asked her once if she was lost, but she just laughed at me. It was… a really cute laugh though, not like a horror movie. Like golden windchimes in the fall.”

Hannibal finds himself mesmerized by the dreamy lilt in Will's gravelly voice. His beautiful eyes have glassed over slightly, lost inside the memories he alone holds while he tells his tale.

"Whenever I saw her, she would smile at me like… like she knew something about me that I didn't. Not a bad thing, I guess, whatever it was. I was afraid of her at first. Thought I was losing my mind because my Dad couldn't see her, but I got over it. She didn't feel… *bad.* Kinda felt like she was watching over me. That was a rough year for me and my Dad. I never saw her again once we moved."

Something about Will's words crawls up Hannibal's spine. *Like she knew something about me that I didn't. Kinda felt like she was watching over me.*

And the time period… Will would have been sixteen in 1994.

*There's someone waiting for you.*

The dream. The dream that Hannibal dismissed, but never completely forgot about. It was locked away in a wing of his memory palace that he rarely traveled to for his own sanity, but it was only after their first meeting that Hannibal took it out and began to wonder. And the longer their courtship went on, he examined the words his sister spoke again and again, entertaining the thought of a destined one, someone written into time and space just for him. But that's all they were; *thoughts.*

Because it's impossible. Mischa was only a dream. It *couldn't* be real.

Against all rational thought, Hannibal hears himself asking: "What did she look like?" His voice sounds distant and distorted to his own ears but he feels the words leave him with claws shredding his throat.

Will hesitates as he thinks. It takes all of Hannibal's remaining willpower to not rush him, but finally, he replies: "She was young. Six or seven maybe. Light blonde hair. I think her eyes were brown or hazel maybe."

*No.*

"She had this blue and white dress that she wore, but she…"

*She always hated wearing shoes.*

"She was always barefoot."

It's like having a beer bottle shattered over his head. Like the Dragon's bullet through the window or Matthew Brown's tranquilizer darts.

It's impossible, unheard of, but yet…

Hannibal's body has gone into a frenzy; his hands are trembling and he knows there are tears in his eyes. His heart is pounding so loudly, but he can barely hear it over the ragged sound of his breathing.

Mischa. His Mischa and his Will.

“Hey.” Comes Will’s soft voice from out of the fog. Strong, calloused fingers stroke at Hannibal’s face and it’s only then that Hannibal realizes he’s squeezed his eyes shut. He opens them to see his husband looking up at him with obvious concern written into his frown. “What’s wrong, baby?” It’s so gentle, the way he says it. So kind, so worried, so *loving.*

All Hannibal can do is stare. “It *is* you.”

Will’s eyes narrow and his hand stills. “What?”

“She told me you were coming.” Hannibal says in quiet awe.

His husband looks horribly lost and more than a little alarmed by Hannibal’s sudden onslaught of emotion and cryptic comments.

*“Mischa.”* Hannibal tries to articulate, but the name gets stuck in his throat.

“Okay…” Will’s thumb strokes over his cheekbone, attempting to soothe him. His gentle voice betrays his concern, but Will knows him too well to doubt him or his clutch on reality. “Can you help me understand, darlin’?”

The use of the pet name spoken in that rough New Orleans drawl jolts Hannibal back to the present. He takes hold of Will’s hand and kisses the back of it as an apology for his behavior. It makes his husband smile and a touch of relief illuminates his beautiful blue eyes.

Hannibal loves him so much. So much that it consumes him whole, tormenting his daily thoughts whenever Will has to leave his side for any reason, even at times like this when they’re wrapped in each other’s arms.

*“He’s lonely, Hannibal, just like you, and he needs you.”*

*“You’re gonna need him too.”*

That impossible girl.

To think that Mischa knew this, knew that her brother was destined to be intertwined with Will Graham decades before they even met… it solidifies every belief that Hannibal Lecter has about his husband. They were always meant to end up here, like this. Hannibal Lecter and Will Graham. Hannibal and Will. Now that the evidence is right in front of him, regardless of how phantasmagorical it seems, Hannibal cannot believe he ever had doubts.

Will, who is patiently waiting for Hannibal to compose himself, squeezes his trembling hand. It isn’t to rush, it’s just a solid reminder that he is there whenever Hannibal feels ready to talk. Hannibal swallows hard against the lump rising in his throat, and begins to tell his own ghost story;

“I had a dream several years ago…”

He tells Will everything; the Russian forest he staggered through, only to fall the moment his Mischa made her presence known. He tells his husband of the blue dress and how she hated shoes because they didn't allow her to feel free. How he felt when Mischa told him he wasn't allowed to die, and how much he wanted to defy her but couldn't. He stares deep into Will's eyes and repeats her words about his *someone* verbatim and by then, Will is teary-eyed and his breath is hitched. Hannibal isn't fairing better; he barely gets through the final lines of his story without falling apart completely, and he knows that Will can tell.

It's a sensational feeling, being seen.

When his story is over, Will gives him a teasing, watery smile and curls his fingers into the hair at the back of his neck. "Someone special, huh?" He rasps, tugging gently at the strands.

Hannibal can't help but smile. His husband often breaks highly emotional situations with humor to keep himself from getting overwhelmed. It contributed to his past partners or friends believing Will to be callous or unserious, but not Hannibal. The teasing is a comfort because Will is trying to make him smile. He's loving Hannibal the way he knows how, and it is the only way that Hannibal wants to be loved. Will's way. His *husband's* way.

And all along, Mischa knew. From the very beginning.

"The moment I met you, I wondered, but there is always doubt in dreams. I told myself it was always you. *Believed* it was always you, but I…" Hannibal cuts off with a gasp. His heart feels swollen and bruised and his lungs are burning. He has so much to say but can't find the words, All that comes out is Will's name in a hushed sob that he can't catch in time.

Will reaches for him the moment his arms give out and they become tangled together. "I know. *God,* baby, I know. I love you." Will murmurs into his hair while Hannibal buries his face in his husband's throat and holds him tight. He wants to meld them together, to become inseparable.

Mischa was right. Hannibal did have to wait a very, very long time for Will. Years, in fact, and then several more years after that because they had a game to play. A game that could have led to their respective deaths several times, but a game that neither of them can ever completely apologize for. Hannibal pushed too hard and Will pushed much harder, right over the cliff into the sea, and every single step was worth it.

Because it led them here. To each other. To this house that they share, the bed they make love in, and the rings on their fingers.

*"Ti amo tanto."* He whispers against his husband's lips. *"Mio amato. Il mio cuore... ti ho aspettato così tanto."*

And Will hears him. He flips them so that Hannibal is on his back, covered by his husband's strong body as Will crushes their lips together and pulls them both under the covers.

---

Will isn't quite sure what wakes him. A noise or a feeling perhaps, but regardless, he wakes feeling peaceful. His husband is still asleep when he turns his head, on his side with one arm draped over Will's torso to hold him close. It makes Will smile. It took a while to calm Hannibal down, even after Will took control and fucked the desperation right out of him. He doesn't mind that his husband is a little clingy.

He slowly extracts himself from Hannibal's hold and tells him he's going to get water and that he'll be right back. Hannibal faintly hums, but it's likely that he's not even awake. Will kisses the side of his face, then tip–toes his way out of the bedroom and down the hall.

The damn window is open again.

Will lets out an annoyed sigh, then closes it as quietly as he can and secures the latch, wondering yet again if they *did* have a ghost.

He makes his way downstairs and downs a glass of tap water, already feeling sleepy again. The house is cold and all he wants to do is curl up with his husband in their warm bed. He places the glass in the sink to be washed tomorrow after breakfast, then turns to head upstairs.

And then he hears it. It's faint, much too quiet for Hannibal to hear, but Will hears it *very* clearly; a child's laugh, bright and beautiful *like golden windchimes in the fall.*

Will's head whips around in the direction of the noise, and his eyes fall on a small silhouette in the doorway between the kitchen and dining room. He nearly falls to his knees.

The little girl from his shitty house in North Carolina. Hannibal's sister. *Mischa.*

Now that Will knows her, he can see the resemblance in the eyes and the angles of her cheekbones under the plumpness of her baby face. It feels like an honor to be standing in front of her now. Mischa is the only other person who Hannibal Lecter ever loved and she was the first to touch his heart.

For a moment, all they do is stare at each other. Will's lips are slightly parted in shock while young Mischa just smiles up at him as she always had in the past. That knowing smile that is so, *so* similar to Hannibal's that it's impossible to think that Will never made the connection before.

And then, it suddenly makes sense she's here. Will was right after all.

Will lowers himself to his knees slowly, not taking his eyes off her face. He's grinning too now, unable to stop now that he knows what she did for him. For both of them.

"I wondered if it was you," Will whispers to her. "You keep opening the window."

Mischa Lecter's smirk becomes a beautiful smile, nearly taking the air from Will's lungs. She leans forward to whisper directly into his ear and speaks with such adoration that it brings tears to his eyes.

"I *knew* you were special."

And then, she’s gone.

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